THE NATION

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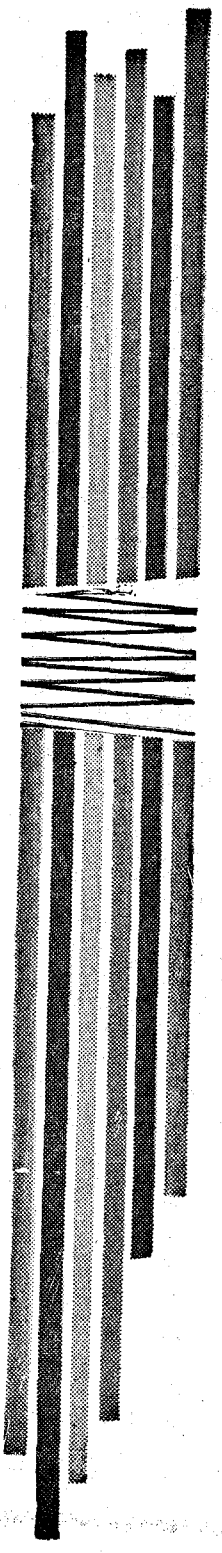

The Tools They Need

## THE AMERICAN POOR

Herman P. Miller

## The Cost of India's Defeat

Elisabeth Partridge

A Preview

## OVERKILL AND MEGALOVE

Norman Corwin

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# LETTERS

## An actor's thanks

*New York City*

*Dear Sirs:* I have just come across your editorial, "Negroes Are People," in your Nov. 10 issue and feel impelled to express my appreciation and gratitude. Such clear, fair comment will go far toward bringing about the goal of the Negro actor: the opportunity to mirror, as truthfully as possible, the American scene, of which he has been, and is, such a significant part. . . .

The Negro actor's problem is not his alone, but one that lies deep at the heart of the entire American cultural scene. *Earle Hyman*

## Fingerprints

*New York City*

*Dear Sirs:* Fred J. Cook's "The Missing Fingerprints: New Light on Sacco-Vanzetti" [Dec. 22] was a welcome challenge to Francis Russell's *Tragedy At Dedham*. However, Mr. Cook raises a question he does not answer: Why did the *defense* never mention the missing fingerprints?

*William L. Coakley*

*Wellesley Hills, Mass.*

*Dear Sirs:* Fred Cook's breathless discovery of the missing fingerprints in the Sacco-Vanzetti case is merely a revival of long-current gossip. If Mr. Cook had gone beyond the old newspaper files he might have learned that the so-called murder car was dusted for fingerprints, but that these were so smeared and blurred that any identification was impossible. No photographs were ever made. This was before Sacco and Vanzetti were even suspected.

As for the ballistics tests, after Colonel Goddard in 1927 had tested the bullets with his comparison microscope two defense experts, James Burns and Professor Augustus Gill of M.I.T., repudiated their earlier conclusions. Anyone who doubts the validity of the 1961 tests should look at the composite photograph in my book of a test shell fired in Sacco's Colt and a shell found at the murder scene. . . .

Originally I believed as firmly as does Mr. Cook in the innocence of the two men, but after three years of research I found myself reluctantly compelled by the facts I had uncovered to change my mind. I suppose this does make me ambivalent.

*Francis Russell*

*New York City*

*Dear Sirs:* Both the Brockton *Enterprise* and the Brockton *Times*, which I quoted, reported in positive fashion that police had developed fingerprints from the murder car. The *Times* especially stressed the importance of the prints in attempting to locate suspects, and after the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti it explained how the prints taken from the car were compared with those of the suspects. How could police have compared Sacco and Vanzetti's prints with prints they did not have? The later official insistence that the prints were worthless, which Mr. Russell apparently accepts at face value, was in itself a highly suspicious performance in view of the earlier official position that they were of the greatest value.

*Fred J. Cook*

## Twain the Gnostic

*New York City*

*Dear Sirs:* I think your new type face and format are simply smashing. They make much clearer and easier reading. But may I point out that Odell Shepard's review on Mark Twain [Jan. 5] contains an inaccuracy. The chapter of the Book of Numbers he refers to should be 31, not 26. I haven't read the book so I don't know if the error is the editor's or the reviewer's. Furthermore, from the review I gather that Twain had come around at the end of his life to what is substantially straight Gnostic gospel. Has this ever been recognized? Has anyone ever explored Twain's connection with Gnostic writers? *George Silver, M.D.*

## Ruthless bulldozer

*Brooklyn, N. Y.*

*Dear Sirs:* As a fellow resident of Brooklyn Heights along with Leslie Katz (and Elias Wilentz, who also wrote about New York City in your Dec. 8 issue), I found it strange and disturbing that, while Mr. Katz praises the "juxtaposition of old buildings and new" in the Civic Center, he only touches on the forthcoming Cadman Plaza project. The project takes up about one-half of the western perimeter of the Civic Center, and therefore cannot be dismissed lightly. For several years, a few individuals and community groups fought for some semblance of architectural and human dignity in this total-bulldozer, real-estate-developer-conceived, profit-motived, machine-for-living.

Roughly, the project site is four square blocks containing empty lots, parking lots, unused factory buildings, small commercial buildings, several moderate-sized apartment houses from thirty to forty years old, and quite a few four-story brick or frame "town houses" in varying conditions of preservation. What it adds up to is a successful and desirable neighborhood combining all the basic and necessary elements of satisfactory city life. But the city officials, instead

(*Continued on page* 80)

THE NATION

*Saturday, January 26, 1963*
*Volume 196, No. 4*

## In this issue

EDITORIALS

61

ARTICLES

63 The Cost of India's Defeat
*Elisabeth Partridge*

65 The American Poor: The Tools They Need
*Herman P. Miller*

69 Chaos in the Coal Fields
*Don Marsh*

70 Overkill and Megalove: A Preview
*Norman Corwin*

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

73 The Trouble With Swift
*Denis Johnston*

74 Current Titles of Interest to *Nation* Readers

76 Theatre
*Harold Clurman*

78 Art
*Hilton Kramer*

78 The Woods at Night (poem)
*May Swenson*

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 80)
*Frank W. Lewis*

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts
Marion Hess, Assistant to the Editors
Harold Clurman, Theatre
Hilton Kramer, Art
Benjamin Boretz, Music
Carl Dreher, Science
David Ignatow, Poetry
Jane Stolle, United Nations
Alexander Werth, Europe
Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

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## Up the Slope

"I can report to you," the President said at the outset of his State of the Union address, "that the state of this old but youthful Union, in the 175th year of its life, is good." At another point he contrasted the increasing disarray of the Communist bloc with our buoyant strength and unity. Having made these points, the President asked for a $100 billion budget. For what? Since things are going so well, one would think for education, for schools and hospitals, mental health, medical care of the old, and similar items calculated to make us a still healthier, happier and more civilized people. The President did, indeed, piously refer to the desirability of pushing these worthy causes, and to the fact that 32 million Americans "still live on the outskirts of poverty." But then it turned out that, as of yore, he wants a still larger proportion of the $100 billion for military needs. In fact, he gave fair warning that his tax cut, "while allowing for a needed rise in defense, space and fixed interest charges," would necessitate "the reduction or postponement of many desirable programs" — a little belt-tightening to make the state of the Union still better.

One wonders how much military spending Mr. Kennedy would consider adequate if the Communist bloc were not riven by stresses and strains and the Union were in a bad way. We have 2,700,000 men under arms, missiles are piled on missiles, submarines on submarines, bombs on bombs and warheads on warheads — and there is never enough. The missile gap which Joseph Alsop materialized from U.S. Air Force data turned out to be the worst extrapolation of the period, but Messrs. Kennedy and McNamara seem not to have heard of its deviations. Last month the nation received the joyous tidings that its 200th ICBM had been placed on the firing line. It was an Atlas, but from now on the U.S. missile squadrons will be armed with more powerful Titan IIs and the advanced Minuteman, solid-fueled, quick-firing weapons standing ready in their silos. Twenty of these are already operational and ready to decimate the Communist foe, so condignly beset by internal schisms. Soon there will be a thousand, then 1,500, and so on.

What do the figures matter? We can be sure of only one thing: there will never be enough. As *U.S. News & World Report* says, "The defense program . . . appears to be in a never-ending rise." It has acquired a rationale, purpose and momentum of its own, and is supported by a vast number of staunch patriots, ranging from the man who sweeps out the shop to the president of General Dynamics. They all have one interest in common (besides love of country): they are making money out of it. And never have they had a more generous dispenser of public funds at their head than Mr. Kennedy. The slope up which he leads them reaches to infinity, and so all is well with the Union.

## Down the Slope

When General Maxwell Taylor contrived to have a U.S. military mission sent to South Vietnam, it was with the proviso that there would be no need for troops. Not much later, several thousand U.S. military men were in South Vietnam, and week by week the number increased. Now there are 12,000 and still the war is going badly for our side.

The pattern is an old one. First a military mission to the country imperiled by communism, whose benighted inhabitants don't seem to care a hoot whether they are bossed by commissars or the grafters and parasites who brought on the Communist peril in the first place. Then foreign aid, mostly in the form of rifles and ammunition. When the Communist peril continues to grow, tanks and artillery are hopefully supplied, but these do not improve the situation, especially when, as in Vietnam, they are expected to repel guerrillas in rice paddies. In the Vietnam dilemma, our Army then brought in helicopters, which at first daunted the guerrillas, but with experience they learned to shoot them down. The Air Force now wants to take a hand with fixed-wing aircraft, not too fast, but not as slow as the Army helicopters. When they are shot down — as they probably will be, since the American weapons captured by the guerrillas are of good quality — what then? This war has an escalator logic of its own.

South Vietnam has an Army of 200,000 and 175,000 auxiliaries — 375,000 men under arms in its land force alone. They are transported and supported by American helicopters and aircraft, armored personnel carriers and landing craft; they are armed with American weapons. They are advised, not commanded, by American officers. Yet they can barely hold their own against some 20,000 guerrillas.

In war, if you don't win, you are in progressively increasing danger of losing, and this applies particularly to the side which, in manpower and equipment, is the stronger. So, for the United States, it is a "something-must-be-done" situation. The "something" has already been proposed. In a dispatch from Hong Kong appearing in *The Washington Post* (January 13), Richard Hughes of the *Sunday Times* (London) says that Admiral Harry D. Felt, our commander in the Pacific, and Gen. Paul D. Harkins, our field commander in South Vietnam, have recommended that American officers should assume combat command over South Vietnam troops. Of course, these officers are fighting already: that they are only advisers is a Washington fiction. But the South Vietnamese do not have to obey their orders.

What if the American officers, over the certain opposition of the egregious Ngo Dinh Diem, are given command, and still the tide does not turn? The obvious next step, of course, would be to send in Amer-

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ican troops. The time to discuss the wisdom of this predictable next step is now — not after it has been taken, as it surely will be if the issue is allowed to go by default.

## The Cracked Monolith

Taking a leaf from Hitler's book, the anti-Communist activists in the United States promulgated the dogma of "international communism" as an integrated, militant ideology which swept over national boundaries and, in the absence of insurmountable resistance, would engulf the free nations one by one. A whole generation of American school children has been indoctrinated with this gospel. According to its tenets, democracy, though superior in virtue, was by its nature engaged in an unequal struggle. The democratic nations were diversified, good-natured, peaceful — even, alas, materialistically inclined toward the good things of life. The Communist powers were warlike, fanatical, unscrupulous and, above all, monolithic. Only by summoning up every last ounce of resolution could we hope to thwart their evil designs.

The children (and this includes a certain number of fifty and over) were further taught that Communists were an immutable breed. Their bigotry, atheism, fanaticism, etc., never changed. They rose with the sun to work evil, and when they lay down to sleep it was only to dream about subversion. The leopard would change his spots and walk the jungle in decorator colors before a single Communist would repent, except, of course, those who defected to the West. The corollary was that there could be no peace until communism was either exterminated or so securely sealed up behind a *cordon sanitaire* that its toxins could not penetrate the Western world.

Yet, these facts having been irrefutably established, what do we behold a year or two after their establishment? Of the ninety Communist parties in the world, a majority are lined up in two camps, the members of which are beating each other over the head with ideological brickbats, while others are cowering in a precarious neutrality. Where now is the monolith? As for the incurable wickedness of the fiends, how strange that Khrushchev sent the Pope congratulations on his eightieth birthday, and His Holiness saw fit to send a cordial reply. Still stranger, the archfiend sent a Christmas message to the Pope, thanking him for having been so hospitable to two Soviet citizens (orthodox bishops from Moscow), which His Holiness sent over to the Vatican Radio, along with other Christmas messages received, for routine broadcasting. But Mr. Khrushchev's message was never broadcast; certain American prelates in Rome said it would be unwise to publicize an event that would not be understood in America — not, at least, by those Americans who prefer the monolithic image to the true one.

What goes on here? Is it all an illusion? That explanation is hardly tenable, for no less an authority than the President of the United States referred in his State of the Union sermon to the forces of diversity at work in the Communist camp, and the "disintegration of its iron disciplines of regimentation" and its "iron dogmatisms of ideology." True, he found that these developments in no wise diminished the need for even greater armaments, but he did note that something unforeseen was happening. If the Communists have a shred of decency left, they will compose their quarrels, conform to the stereotype and cease disturbing our assumptions about their changeless dogmas and monolithic cohesion.

## Collegians and the Weed

In the January 5 issue of *America*, Father Neil Hurley let loose at cigarette advertising. The most successful campaigns, he suggested, ". . . are those that overwhelm the senses. The sultry woman's voice; the society setting; the rich, rough scion with the tattooed, hairy hands; the attitude of complacency and apparent lack of anxiety — isn't this the typical TV approach for much cigarette advertising? It is basically a narcotic dream with an inexcusable dosage of dishonesty."

This is an adult view. Several months earlier, the editors of *Main Events*, the evening-session weekly at New York's City College, had arrived at a similar conclusion. Convinced that cigarette smoking damages the lungs, heart and other organs, the editors decided that they could no longer abet the forming of the habit by printing cigarette advertising. In their October 29 issue, they ran a Lucky Strike ad covering about two-thirds of a page, starting with a prize contest and ending with: "The question is: IF SOCRATES WERE ALIVE TODAY, WHAT WOULD HE ADVISE SMOKERS?" To smoke Luckies, of course — "Lucky Strike, the favorite regular cigarette of college students." In that same issue, *Main Events* announced that it was throwing out cigarette advertising.

Shortly the editors received an economic lesson, the gist of which they no doubt foresaw. By December 10, they had lost $800 in advertising revenue — enough to put out three issues — and had been unable to find other sources of income to offset the deficit. "Whether we like it or not," they wrote, "we depend upon this advertising for nearly 50 per cent of the revenue needed to print this paper." They appealed to the student body and the faculty, to President Buell G. Gallagher and campus organizations, for help. "We want to express our deep regrets," they wrote "that the circumstances which make necessary the financial integrity of this paper — and apparently many other school papers across the country— must, to such a large extent, rely upon a product which, according to the evidence, contributes so greatly to the death of thousands every year."

Apparently *Main Events* is the first college paper to discontinue cigarette advertising on the initiative of the staff. So far it has been able to scrounge along. If it survives despite its admirably independent editorial policy, the fact will be widely noted. If it folds, likewise. Surely the City College administration, to the extent that it can give aid, should do so, for what is at issue is not merely the existence of one college paper. Rather, the vaunted editorial independence of the



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great American press is here being tested, and the fact that the test is on a small and local scale does not alter the principle involved.

## HUAC and the Administration

The 88th Congress began with a touch of irony. On the first day, speaker after speaker declared to packed galleries that legislative proposals should be decided by the majority of elected representatives rather than by a handful of willful men on key committees. But despite this flood of oratory, Speaker McCormack refused to recognize members who wanted to debate various Rules amendments relating to the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Before the opening session, Rep. William Fitts Ryan (D., N.Y.) and Rep. James Roosevelt (D., Calif.) had pleaded with the Speaker to be recognized, but their pleas were ignored. Thus the Rules of the previous session were adopted on January 9 without debate on any of the proposed amendments affecting HUAC.

The Speaker's attitude, of course, reflected Administration policy. The Administration had argued that if the Rules of the House were left open to debate, the enlarged Rules Committee of fifteen would be jeopardized, thereby endangering the Administration's legislative program. But in the previous Congress, the enlarged committee had killed twenty-two Administration measures, including federal aid to education and the creation of a Department of Urban Affairs. So in the name of the majority's freedom to act, the minority's right to present important amendments to the Rules was suppressed. Had the House been allowed to debate, it is generally estimated that sixty to seventy members would this year have voted for HUAC's abolition, and that an even larger number would have supported a proposal to transfer it to the Judiciary Committee. Congressman Roosevelt did manage to secure the floor for two minutes — a measure of the importance with which civil liberties are regarded by the Speaker — to announce that Congressman Francis Walter, chairman of HUAC, had agreed to join in a request that the Roosevelt-Lindsay proposal to transfer the committee to the Judiciary Committee be heard by the Rules Committee. "I am satisfied," said Mr. Roosevelt, "that this House will at a later date be able to work its will on this question" — but only if the Rules Committee concurs.

Another opportunity for debate on the issue will arise when the House considers HUAC's request for an appropriation. But requests for committee appropriations, as a matter of protocol, are seldom cut, much less denied. The time to have debated the future of HUAC was at the opening session, the only day on which amendments to the Rules may be presented and debated — in theory — without clearance through committee. And the fact of current importance to note for the record is that the stratagem which suppressed debate on the amendments at the opening session was conceived and carried out by the Kennedy Administration.

## The Peace Candidates

How did the "peace candidates" fare in the last elections? How many won? How many lost? Why? Roger Hagan, in an article soon to appear in *The Nation*, surveys the peace campaigns conducted by candidates from coast to coast, explains the results in each case, and draws interesting conclusions on the validity of "peace" as an election issue. We predict that Mr. Hagan's survey will exert strong influence on the future political strategy of the peace movement in this country. —EDITORS.

# The Cost of India's Defeat . . . Elisabeth Partridge

*Calcutta*

What is the cost—to India and democracy — of China's undeclared war in the Himalayas?

From one military viewpoint, India's defeats were no worse than ours in Korea and basically they occurred for the same reason: West Point and Sandhurst strategy is no match for Mao Tse-tung's (Long March) psychological warfare and guerrilla tactics. Mao's tactics may be summarized: to bewilder the enemy into passivity, viz., to defend in order to attack, to retreat in order to advance, to take a flanking position in order to take a frontal position and to follow a corkscrew path to go directly to the objective. The Himalayan campaign was masterly in conception and audacity—conducted on two fronts simultaneously, more than 1,000 miles apart—and planned, with Chinese thoroughness, to the last detail. It was reportedly under the overall direction of General Lin Piao, the Korean Fourth Field Army veteran.

Throughout, China used Mao's callous "human sea" tactics, permissible only in a totalitarian regime. On October 20, at least 30,000 troops invaded the North East Frontier Agency (N.E.F.A.) alone. They were deployed—in the ratio of at least eight to one—against specific outposts which generally fell, fighting to the last man, after inflicting astronomical casualties. The Chinese advanced in well-disciplined columns of three (commissars were present to shoot waverers), two of the three being unarmed ammunition carriers, required to forage for dead men's weapons. (Tragically, many of these unarmed ranks were conscripted Tibetan youths, often from noble families.) Some of the Chinese were Korean veterans; all were long acclimatized to the height

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and cold since they had been stationed on the Tibetan plateau at 16,000 feet and up. Indian reinforcements, however, were hastily airlifted from the plains and temperatures of 100° F. and up; they suffered frostbite (some were still in summer kit) and the paralyzing effects of altitude sickness.

The Chinese made excellent use of guile. They regrouped by night, appearing out of the morning mist in different positions. They disguised themselves as local tribals; then, once within range, pulled submachine guns from under their long robes. Using several Indian languages, they called on the outposts to surrender, explaining that the Indians were their brothers, only the "imperialist-aided Indian Government" was their enemy. They also advanced with banshee shrieks and firing wildly (ten Indians were wounded to one killed) to create the maximum confusion. Indian Army veterans have said that the Chinese, man to man, were not such formidable fighters as the Japanese, but that "they seemed to be everywhere at once, charging like screaming madmen."

On November 17, the Chinese began their second push—simultaneously into Ladakh (Kashmir) on the western front and into N.E.F.A. on the eastern — after nearly a month's lull for regrouping and road-building (another of Mao's principles). Their strategy in N.E.F.A. was particularly brilliant, since they advanced south in a pincer movement from east and west. The Indian Army high command had placed their main defense at the "unassailable" (by Sandhurst standards) Se-la ridge (14,000 feet). The Chinese outflanked it and cut off about 12,000 Indian troops (over 8,000 later made their way back) together with some of the new equipment airlifted by the United States and Britain.

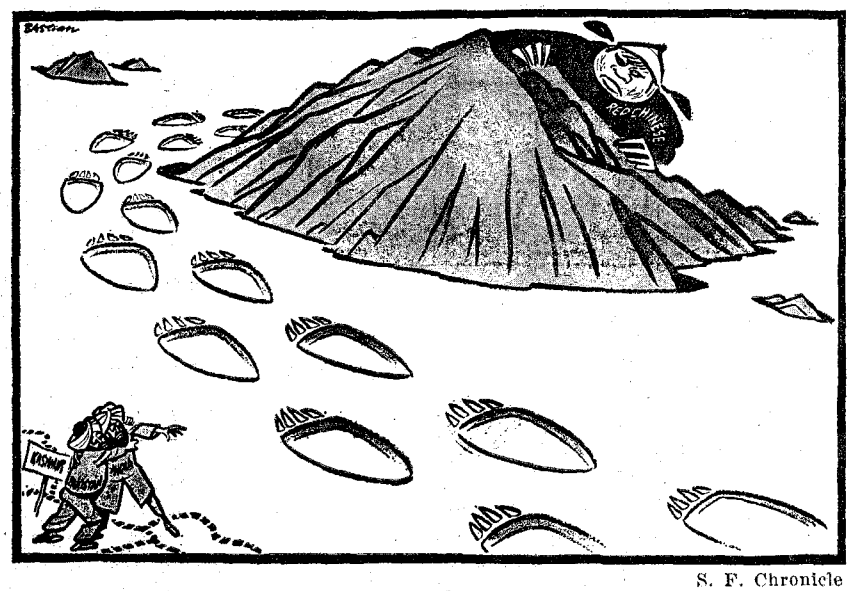
By November 19, they were within reach of Assam's rich oil installations, causing over 2,000 American and British nationals to be flown out to Calcutta at two hours' notice. India—and Pakistan, too—awaited invasion, but the Chinese were correct even in their incorrectness. They did not go beyond their claim line and, on November 21, called for a cease-fire and withdrawal. Thus, in their moment of military triumph, the Chinese snatched the diplomatic initiative and denied the West its one possible consolation. Had they advanced a day nearer East Pakistan, a joint defense of the subcontinent could probably have been arranged by a telephone call from Mr. Nehru to Pakistan's President Ayub Khan (instead of the current bargaining over Kashmir).

From the military point of view, there may yet be serious aftereffects. The Indian defense services are understandably smarting over their humiliation and an explosive head of anger is building up (*they* have not had a chance to drive the enemy back to a 38th Parallel). There is also opposition to Mr. Nehru for what is described as his appeasement of China and for India's military unpreparedness. Most observers here believe that a military *coup* was averted towards the end of October only because Mr. Nehru gave way to popular demand; he sacked Krishna Menon and put India on a war footing [see "India at War," by Stephen Hugh-Jones, *The Nation*, Dec. 1, 1962]. Even now, if Mr. Nehru shows any weakness, there could still be a military take-over.

Politically, the aftereffects may be equally damaging for democracy. The Defense of India regulations (drawn up by the British-Indian Government in 1943 when a Japanese invasion seemed imminent) are extremely repressive. To date the Indian Government has (with some exceptions) used them with restraint. But if such authoritarian measures continue in force for long they could corrupt the government and damage India's democratic processes.

More serious is the fact that China's aggression has led to a resurgence of right-wing sentiment. Unfortunately, the Right in India is rabidly caste- and orthodox-minded. The Jan Sangh and Hindu Mahasabba are semi-Fascist groups who would create a Hindu Raj, destroying in the process all Mr. Nehru's efforts to build a secular, industrialized modern India. The New Swatantra (Freedom) Party is dominated by highly orthodox businessmen (not enlightened magnates like J. R. D. Tata — some of whose business ethics include the criminal adulteration of food and drugs, profiteering, tax evasion, gold hoarding, etc. All these elements are strongly opposed to Mr. Nehru—for the same reasons, ostensibly, as are the defense services. But basically they dislike him for what he has done to reform the Hindu way of life and to introduce socialism.

There has always been a strong Right faction in the Congress Party that has given only lip service to Mr. Nehru's progressive measures in the past fifteen years. Encouraged by the resurgence of this rightist element, the majority of the Congress Party today have become far more aggressively orthodox Hindu-minded and opposed to Mr. Nehru—at least in private. The tragedy of this is that genuinely




S. F. Chronicle

*The Abominable Snowman*



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progressive Indians are likely to be crushed between a rightist Congress Party and a discredited Communist Party (although India's disappointing Socialist movement is showing faint signs of a revival).

On the credit side, Indians are far less starry-eyed about communism (the emergency airlifts showed them where their real friends were), while the Communist Party of India can hardly be considered an effective opposition force any longer. The party is now split (roughly 70-30) into the Nationalists, who support Mr. Nehru's defense of India against Chinese aggression, and the pro-China lobby. Some 1,000 members of the latter group have been arrested, under the defense regulations, for alleged subversive activities (such as issuing ration cards in the name of the "liberating Chinese").

There is, however, one unhappy development. Many of the West Bengal Communist leaders evaded arrest and have gone into hiding (reportedly with Communist Chinese financial backing). They believe that the gulf between Moscow and Peking is now unbridgeable and that Peking will soon be forced to form the Fifth International—against which day they hope to keep alive an underground pro-China Party, pledged to achieve communism through violence.

Psychologically, the aftereffects of China's invasion are likely to be unfortunate. In October, the Indian nation responded to the emergency magnificently, united as never before since independence in a spirit of patriotism and sacrifice (only a month earlier, the South had been threatening to secede from the North). But now that China has seized the peace initiative, with all its propaganda benefits, a national malaise is setting in. Indians wonder if all their (very genuine) sacrifices were worth while if the Chinese attack was only intended to force India to negotiate and, inevitably, surrender 14,000 square miles of Ladakh, where the Chinese have built their highly strategic Aksai Chin Road, linking Sinkiang with West Tibet.

Economically, the aftereffects may be disastrous; and this, presumably, was China's second motive for invasion (the first having been to secure the Aksai China region *de jure* as well as *de facto*).

India's democratic progress has obviously been too successful for China's liking in Southeast Asia, especially since the failure of its own "great leap forward" has been highlighted by the poor crops of the last three years. Equally, India's great stride forward has begun to falter because its admirable industrial expansion program has created critical power, transport and fuel shortages. In the first year of the Third Five Year Plan, 1961-62, the national income rose by only 2.2 per cent against the record increase of 7.1 per cent in the previous year. Industrial production, over the same period, dropped from 10.5 to 4.3 per cent and agricultural output from 8.1 to 1.6 per cent. In addition, India is suffering from an acute shortage of foreign exchange and dares borrow no more because of its previous loan commitments.

Thus what China invaded, in fact, was India's Five Year Plan—at a critical moment of economic imbalance which certainly did not escape Peking's attention. As a result of the military reverses, India's planners are now suggesting a defense budget amounting to the astronomical total of $16 billion in order to create a 2.5 million-man military force to equal China's (the largest in the world). Hitherto, the essence of Mr. Nehru's policy has been to invest in economic development; India's defense spending has actually been less over one single Five Year Plan period than China's each year. But no elected government could survive in India unless very considerable funds earmarked for planning were diverted to defense — even though the planners still speak in euphemisms of "reshaping, but not cutting back, the Plan." Unfortunately, the main casualty of China's invasion of the Himalayas will be India's economic and democratic progress.

Finally, there are one or two further credit entries—for China—on the balance sheet. Tactically, China will gain control of the whole Himalayan region if its peace terms are accepted. By withdrawing twenty kilometers back from "the line of actual control," it will have only to roll its tanks and armored cars forward along the feeder roads already constructed. India, however, will be pushed back twenty kilometers into its own undeveloped territory —three days' march away along perilous mule tracks. China has gained absolute power supremacy in the whole of Southeast Asia. Finally, it has begun to fulfill Napoleon's prophecy: let the world beware when the sleeping giant of China awakes. . . . One wonders how long the West *dare* keep China out of the UN and a general disarmament agreement.

## The Tools They Need

# The American Poor . . . Herman P. Miller

Last year may well be remembered as the year poverty was rediscovered in America. Several exciting articles and books appeared on the subject and the growing debate on automation brought to light the fact that the economy may have to create 50,000 or more new jobs *every week* during the current decade for the millions of new workers who will be added to the labor force and the additional millions whose jobs may be affected by technological change. Thus, although income and employment were at an all-time high in 1962, the annual unemployment rate was above 5 per cent (as it had been every year since 1958) and the prospects for a reduction did not seem very great. Accordingly, attention was focused once again on the problem of poverty.

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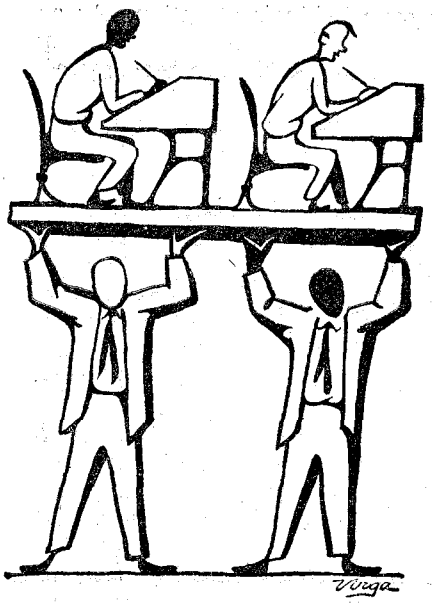

The number of low-income families in the United States is estimated conservatively at about 10 million — roughly, one family out of every five. Some estimates range as high as 40 per cent. Of course, we must be careful about these numbers because, as Will Rogers once said, this is the only country that ever went to the poorhouse in an automobile. Even the poor in the United States have levels of living that would be regarded with envy in most other parts of the world.

But that is surely no reason for complacency. The poor in this country compare their levels of living with those they see around them, not with levels in Russia or China. The Puerto Ricans in New York City may have never had it so good in Puerto Rico; but they have little reason to be happy when 40 per cent of them live in apartments that are considered dilapidated or deteriorating by American standards.

Any serious study of poverty reveals two essential facts: poverty is relative and the causes of poverty are many. The complexity of the problem has caused some people to throw up their hands in despair, and proclaim that there is nothing that can or should be done. Some misguided souls even argue that the poor are congenital morons who lack the intelligence and moral fiber to rise above the lowest levels. The only reason that serious attention is paid to such arguments is that some poverty is associated with bad inheritance and moral degeneracy; but we cannot and must not assume that these factors constitute the major part of the problem. There is still much suffering in America and much absolute want. Ways and means to raise the levels of living of our poorest families can and must be found.

Help for the poor would be justified on humanitarian grounds alone. But there is more involved. We are engaged in a struggle with communism for the minds of men. Military might and moon-shots are only a part of the struggle; in the long run, perhaps only a small part. If the Russians and the Chinese disappeared tomorrow, we would still want to convince the uncommitted peoples of the world that ours is a way of life they should follow. Unless others see us as a prosperous nation led by men of good will, we may win all of the battles against communism and lose the war.

There is still one more point that must be made. Poverty furnishes a fertile bed for the seeds of physical and social disease. Anyone who has had intimate dealings with Negroes and other minority groups knows of the deep-seated hostility and resentment that these people feel toward the established groups. Negroes are no longer isolated in rural hamlets, where they can be intimidated by a few bullies wearing white sheets or cowed into subservience by a few wealthy landlords who control their only source of income. They are now concentrated at the hearts of our largest cities, where they stand as a great potential force for good or evil. So far, our society has done its best to bring out the worst in them. Unless there is a change, this problem may well become the most serious of all our woes.

Long lists of specific measures that might be taken to combat poverty can be found in voluminous government reports, recommendations of Congressional committees and textbooks on economics and sociology. These are useful, but they often obscure the basic principles involved. What is needed is a broad framework in which to operate, a set of fundamentals that men of good will recognize as sensible and try to put into action. The principles outlined below will not appeal to crackpots and wild-eyed radicals who have nothing but their own inflated egos and neurotic personalities to satisfy. But it may provide new insights to ordinary, honest men and women who see the problem and want to help solve it in some practical way.

*Principle 1. Increase economic growth.*

Since we still live in an economy of scarcity, the alleviation of poverty depends primarily on progressive increase in the amounts of goods and services that are produced. Without this there is no sound basis for raising the levels of living of the poor. Increased output would provide a larger volume of goods and services available for distribution. It would also mean greater regularity of employment and a reduction in unemployment, thereby providing income for many lower-paid unskilled and semi-skilled workers. Of course, there is no guarantee that some types of poor, such as the aged, disabled and widowed, would share in the greater output since they depend on pensions and transfer payments rather than earnings. But even these groups would probably benefit because greater tax revenues would be available to finance badly needed social services.

In the short run, economic growth will help; but it is no long-run solution. Twelve years ago, Robert Heilbroner could write confidently in *Harper's* (June, 1950: "Who Are the American Poor?"), "If we keep on growing at our present pace—2 per cent per year—we can double our real earnings in our lifetimes—

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and before the next decade is out the average family can enjoy an income of $5,000. The opportunities for growth are there. . . . The troubling challenge is whether we will in fact push against our boundaries." In the years to come, we will face a problem that Heilbroner never even considered; namely, we will move from an economy of scarcity to an economy of abundance and our major economic problem will be one of distribution rather than production. This question has increasingly attracted the attention of social scientists and one who has written very cogently on the subject is W. H. Ferry, vice president of The Fund for the Republic. In a recent report prepared for the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, he analyzed the situation as follows:

> *The prospect is that through the 1960s the Gross National Product will continue to rise. . . . So will the total number of employed. But the likelihood is that the absolute and relative number of unemployed will also be growing as will the number of distressed areas.*
>
> *The question is whether jobs can be manufactured fast enough to approach full employment, using the present definition of jobs and the means of providing them that are presently regarded as acceptable. The essential contention of this paper is that the answer is no. An apparently unfavorable condition of the Age of Abundance is increasing structural unemployment and under-employment.*

Viewed in this context, the relatively high levels of unemployment during the past few years cannot be regarded as a temporary situation that will be eliminated by the next turn in the business cycle or by the simple expedient of tax cuts. And the unemployed themselves can no longer be viewed as primarily unskilled and semi-skilled youngsters, immigrants, Negroes and housewives who are simply resting between engagements. Their ranks will be increasingly filled with white-collar workers and other "respectable" people who will be thrown out of work as the impact of automation is felt in the office. Indeed, some have argued that "white-collar workers will, after a few years, comprise most of the growing category of technologically displaced."

Here we have in the making a major national problem that we have only begun to face. The old prescription of getting the economy moving again will not be enough. A long-run solution may require revolutionary changes in our way of thinking. The issues have been drawn and positions are now being taken. Some statesmen and scholars, like Justice Douglas, have been willing to face the issues squarely. In his recent pamphlet, *Freedom of the Mind*, he expresses the fear that "developing technology will result in the means and rewards of production devolving on the few." The opposition, like Senator Tower of Texas, has labeled this view as a subscription to "the Marxian interpretation of history that the ownership of capital will increasingly devolve in the hands of a decreasing few." More and sharper differences of opinion are likely to be heard in the coming years.

Punch: Ben Roth Agency

*Land of Plenty*

*Principle 2: Equalize opportunities for education and employment.*

Many people fall to the bottom because they are never given the chance to rise above that level. The Negro is a case in point. He constitutes 10 per cent of the population, but 20 per cent of the low-income group. It is now nearly a hundred years since the Negro has been freed from bondage, yet he remains at the bottom of the economic ladder. Whatever figures we look at—housing, education, occupation, income—show that the Negro ranks high among the poor. There are some who add insult to injury and place the blame for this situation on the Negro himself.

The fact of the matter is that the Negro has never been given a fair chance in American economic life. The shackles of slavery have been removed, but the evidence of their existence remains in the hearts and souls of men.

Under slavery we had a black caste in the United States that could *never* rise above the lowest levels. The inevitability of poverty was removed for the Negro with the abolition of slavery; but other deterrents to his rise out of the bottom



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groups have been added, so that he remains almost as a low-income caste within our midst. In many parts of this country, Negro children are still deprived of a good education. How can we expect them to rise above the economic levels of their parents without training? Many who are educated are discriminated against and are not given the chance to use their training; they become cynical and lose their aspirations. This only perpetuates the vicious circle of poverty, and society pays double: first, by the loss of these potential skills and, second, by the cost of policing, providing and caring for the individuals involved.

Much progress has been made in equalizing opportunities in employment and education. The historic Supreme Court decision of 1954 regarding public elementary and secondary school education was a particularly good beginning. But constant and forceful pressure must be brought to bear on the problem to see that we do not lose momentum. The progress may seem slow at times, but a solid foundation based on law and popular support is being laid. The shortest road is not always the fastest and we have traversed much during the past few years.

*Principle 3: Break the transmission of poverty from one generation to the next.*

This will require programs designed to improve the health, living conditions and education of the poorest segments of our society. It will require above all a systematic approach to the discovery and development of latent talents in underprivileged children. Indeed, it may even be necessary to allot a disproportionate share of our efforts to the children of the poor because, as Galbraith has said, "It is there that high quality schools, strong health services, special provisions of nutrition and recreation are most needed to compensate for the very low investment which families are able to make in their own offspring."

If there is any magic key to the development of a society or an individual, it is education. A strong public-school system, including free higher education for all who cannot pay, remains one of our strongest weapons in the fight against poverty and in the maintenance of a free and dynamic society. Education does not always materialize in financial gain. But once a man has gone to school, the world is never again the same for him. His outlook is broadened and he will demand more for his children. The circle of poverty can be broken only when each generation of parents is more concerned about the welfare of their children than they are about their own welfare or pleasures. Even if nothing else changes, the poor must be made to realize that education is their only way out. When they see this fact, they will find the way out.

Certainly it does not help to complain, as does author James Baldwin (America's Angry Young Man), that "It is hard enough . . . under the best of circumstances to get an education in this country. . . . The Negro level is low because the education of Negroes occurs in and is designed to perpetuate a segregated society." This is only a partial truth. Negroes and other minority groups in this country are offered excellent education in some, at least, of the larger urban schools. It is just as important to take advantage of the schooling being offered as to complain that it is not enough.

*Principle 4: Self-improvement.*

Only the poor should recommend self-improvement to the poor. Coming from an outsider, it sounds too much like preaching and could easily be mistaken for veiled criticism. It was Carl Sandburg who said:

*When they told those who had no money*
*"Save your money"*
*Those who had no money flashed back*
*"Would you ask those with nothing to eat to eat less?"*

Yet it remains a fact that society can do just so much for the individual. After that it is up to him. Nothing is gained by integrating a community when the older residents move out because their new neighbors are neither pleasant nor desirable. And this has been the experience in more than one community. Violence and crime are too often the concomitants of integration. The East Bronx was a low-income area when the Jews lived there; but the streets were safe at night and fights were rare. The present Puerto Rican inhabitants of this same area must surely recognize that the Jews fled for good reason when they see the terror that now reigns in those once-peaceful streets.

The Negroes, Puerto Ricans and Mexicans are not the first or the only minority groups in America. Many others have come before them and all have had their own special problems. Some, like the Chinese and Japanese, have even had to face a strong color barrier. All of these groups were amalgamated in the American scene within a reasonable period of time. This does not mean that they are loved or "treated like men" (to use a phrase that constantly recurs in James Baldwin). But it does mean that they are treated with respect. It is possible to achieve the same kind of treatment for our latter-day minority groups.

The situation, of course, is not simple. There are social, economic and historical aspects to the problem that complicate it immensely. But the worst thing we can do is develop a feeling of futility about the problem. Leaders of the oppressed minorities today might do well to re-examine the reasons why earlier minorities have succeeded in raising their economic levels. It is of no avail to protest that Negro culture patterns, which are not conducive to economic growth, were established under white man's rule. What is acquired can also be changed and it is never too late to start.

The ordinary citizen has no choice but to take the world as he finds it and to leave it that way. The leaders, however, have the power to mold the world into their image of it. It is the duty of the leaders of our minority groups today to help their poor develop the attitudes and skills that are prerequisites to higher levels of living in our society. The legal framework for the protection of rights has been established in many places, as has the economic framework for the elevation of living standards. What is needed now is the respect that will facilitate the achievement of those rights.

Of course, this respect cannot be attained by the efforts of the minorities alone; but neither can it be attained without their help. Intelligent leadership and a strong desire to succeed can play a major role in this phase of the struggle.



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# Chaos in the Coal Fields . . . . . Don Marsh

*Charleston, W. Va.*

Fear and tension exist in the coal-mining areas of the Appalachian South today on a scale reminiscent of the depression years. The ostensible cause, as was the case in the 1930s, is conflict between owners of coal mines and the men who work in them. Manifestations have been the same — shootings, dynamitings and physical intimidation. Heavy December snowfalls that coated mountain roads and drove men indoors resulted in relaxation of hostilities at a time when the next escalation would have been open war. A temporary truce has been in effect for more than a month. But a solution — if there is one — is as far away as ever and violence is a constant threat.

The reason is that the issues which have aroused miners in eastern Kentucky, southern West Virginia and Tennessee are far deeper than the differences between labor and management which have caused unrest in the past. For these men have problems that cannot be settled at bargaining tables; and, although they've been employing the traditional methods of a coal-field labor dispute, their demonstrations are as symptomatic of a rebellion as they are of a strike.

They are in revolt against poverty, against their inability to find decent jobs and against social and economic changes they cannot explain and probably don't understand. They're not always sure whom they're for and whom they're against. They do know they want a better life and they're trying in the only way they know how to get it. Unfortunately, they probably will fail.

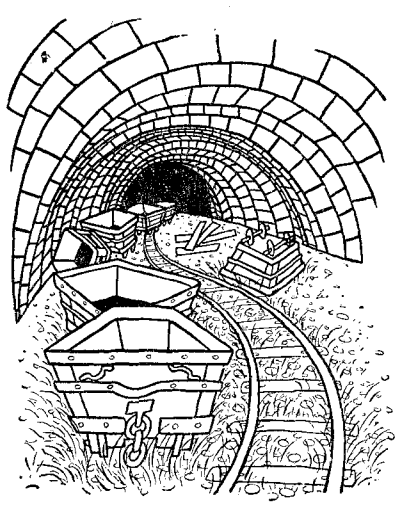
Their troubles started after World War II, when John L. Lewis and his United Mine Workers of America decided not to oppose mechanization, but to cooperate with it. In turn, the union rank and file expected to share in the profits of increased production. [See "Monster in the Mine" by Ira Wolfert, *The Nation*, January 2, 1960.]

At the outset, they were not disappointed. The union's *quid pro quo* was unusually high wages and an array of fringe benefits superior to any other won on an industry-wide level. The most important of the benefits, pensions and medical protection, were financed by a royalty paid by producers on each ton of coal mined. In the beginning, the royalty was five cents a ton. It is now forty cents. Payment is made solely by coal companies; neither the union nor the miners contribute.

A large Welfare and Retirement Fund was created to administer programs financed by the royalty payments, and in the sixteen years it has been in existence it has paid more than $1.5 billion in benefits. Included were pensions of $100 a month for retired miners, complete medical care for miners and their dependents, and the construction of ten modern hospitals in the medically impoverished areas where soft coal is mined.

Creation of the fund seemed to be the climax of the enormously successful career of John L. Lewis. But his success may destroy the union that he built in his image. The fund, today in serious trouble, is partly responsible for many of the problems the coal industry has been unable to solve.

From its beginning, the fund was designed to rely on income from the very large, productive mine. The expense of wage and fringe benefits was (and is) so great that it can be borne only by a mine with a high yield of coal. Since productivity became the test of success, and mechanization was the key to productivity, increasing numbers of miners were replaced by machines.



Brandel

Ordinarily, many of the displaced men would have found jobs in other industries, but their search was frustrated by the nation-wide recessions of the 1950s. With no income, and their families suffering, these men were glad to work in small mines as owners, partners or employees, for far less money than they had been earning. Moreover, in preference to going out of business, many operators of marginal mines began cheating on terms of the union contracts they had signed. They reduced wages and failed to pay royalties on all the coal they mined. Their workers refused to complain, preferring to earn less money than to earn no money at all.

In addition, the whole industry has been affected by a continuous decline in the market for coal. Technological improvements allowed important consumers — such as steel plants and electric utilities—to burn both less and poorer grades. The competition for markets became intense and buyers have been able to play one segment of the coal industry against another.

Although the mechanized mines are much more efficient than any other kind, the contracts they signed with the U.M.W. put them in the unusual position of having to pay for their own efficiency — the more coal they produced, the greater their royalty payments. This situation made small mines economically feasible. For a few hundred dollars, men could punch a hole in a hill and produce a dozen or two tons of coal a day. Since they didn't have to pay union wages or benefits, they could earn enough to make a living. And the big mines burdened by royalty payments couldn't sell coal cheaply enough to force the independent miner out of business.

The combination of non-union coal and declining markets has seriously hurt the U.M.W.'s Welfare and Retirement Fund. In 1954, benefits for widows and survivors of deceased miners were curtailed. In 1960, a rule was passed which ended benefits for miners who had been unemployed a year or longer, or who

*(Continued on page 72)*

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*Don Marsh, a native of the coal-mining area of southern West Virginia, is on the staff of the Charleston* (W. Va.) Gazette.



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## Cosmonautica

*SEATTLE, April 6, 1962 (AP)—Russian cosmonaut Gherman Titov proclaimed Sunday his disbelief in God and said he saw "no God or angels" during his 17 orbits of the earth. . . . "Some people say there is a God out there," the 27-year-old Soviet major [said], "but in my travels around the earth all day long I looked around and didn't see him. . . . No God helped build our rocket. The rocket was made by our people."*

When reached for comment, God said:

"Unfortunately I missed the orbiting of Cosmonaut Titov, which should not be held against me, since the Russians made no advance public announcement of his flight.

"At the time I was busy elsewhere creating a new sun roughly similar to your own, distant by a great many of what you call parsecs, from the scene.

"No slight was intended.

"The absence of angels is simply explained:

They were busy protecting the Chairman of the Party, the one who kisses returning Cosmonauts. There is a large vein in the region of his right temple which could pop under strain or upon hard drinking, and all the angels in the region who could be spared that day were helping him resist temptation, as assigned.

"May I add, it is perfectly true I had no hand in building the rocket. It was, as the major said in Seattle, made by his people.

"It was not the rocket I made, only the people."

## Symptomology

*The disease of which the hydrogen bomb is a symptom is the continuous and apparently irresistible march of technology which makes all kinds of weapons progressively more simple, more versatile, and more lethal.*

—FREEMAN J. DYSON,
*Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*
September, 1961

One and one are two
And two and two are four.
You could go on forever thus
But it would be a bore.

TNT is fast
Fission even faster
But fusion is more versatile
And vaster, vaster.

When the world is ill
It only needs a knock:
Technology for discipline
And hydrogen for shock.

If you have a dream
Of orderly pursuit
It matters not that when in heat
The atom is a brute.

It is a fact of life
That thanks to sickly art
It's easier as time goes on
To blow the world apart.

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*are the only specie*
*age." This is so be*
*resistant. Six hund*
*100,000 "may not c*
*In the event of*
*over the habitation*
*other insects or bac*

Noah, Noah, build an ark
Deep beneath the public park.
Gather bird and gather beast
But do not gather spores of yeast
(They don't need to burrow quite
As deeply as the adult white).

Noah, Noah, keep an eye
On the nation's food supply;
Beef you must insure, and milk,
But honey's safe and so is silk
Because, you see, the worm and
Are roentgen-radiation free.

Noah, you must leave behind
All that cannot be assigned
To be eaten by your kind:
Ornamental types like mink
Are out; do not even think
Of animals that spit or stink.

Noah, if you crave for liquor
Ark walls must be ever thicker:
Naught that ferments, grape or



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# MEGALOVE

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## he Ark

*Jniversity geneticist told scientists on survival of ır war—the catastrophic : delicately balanced bio- bsence of animal fallout m would erase all wild ıy the nation's heat and*

*ld be the destruction of insects would multiply d, together with bacteria survival in the nuclear e enormously radiation- : can kill a human but insect in the least." the cockroach will take and compete only with*

*s Times,* June 17, 1962

Will be left us—only lice.
Take on corn and store up cane
Else they'll not be brewed again.

Gather cottonseed for cloth
(Sheep will die but not the moth).
Dogs will die but not the flea
Tubers die but not TB
Trees will die but not the blight
Day will end but not the night.

Noah, make quite sure of fowl
Lest the cockroach form a cowl
On the crown of all the earth.
The crow is needed for rebirth.
All the Superbomb could will us
Would be virulent bacillus.

Noah, when you send the dove
To the blasted world above
Sheathe the bird in scales of lead
Till the Geiger counter's read;
If it comes back from the ride
Pray for God's insecticide.

## Legacy

*The effects of the present bomb tests will appear in the first generation of progeny, and also in the second generation and many future generations, not dying out, even if the bomb tests were to be stopped now, until after forty or fifty generations have gone by.*

—LINUS PAULING, *No More War!*

What did your quarrel with the Trojans have to do with me, Agamemnon?

I am blind; there is a cancer behind my right eye, and I will not live to see my eighth birthday.

Did you have to throw that poisoned dust into everybody's air?

Couldn't you have settled your business with Priam, couldn't all that scandal over Helen have been negotiated?

You had warriors all around you: couldn't they fight like men and have done with it, and not sickened children like me three thousand years later?

It is bad enough that I will never see the sunlight you wasted on yourselves,

But my mother, who had hoped so long for a child, and had such a hard time of it when I finally came, is going to grieve all her days because I, who was so promising, died of genetic defects you bequeathed to me,

There in your smug Greece so long ago!

We have you to thank, gentlemen of Rome and Carthage, for our monstrousness,

We of the incurable ward in the institution for defectives.

We know you did not begin it, that it began when Cyrus dropped a token bomb on the Medes—or was it Nebuchadnezzar, earlier, on the Elamites?

Anyway it was to save Persian or Babylonian lives; we know that; something about how many men it would have cost otherwise to attack.

Then there was that naval battle, some seven hundred years before Christ wasn't it, when Corinth used nuclear warheads on a limited basis against Corcyra.

But it was you, Rome and Carthage, that did the big-scale testing, and you kept threatening each other; and after Cannae there was no stopping and the bombs got bigger and bigger.

And why, Hannibal, even as a desperation measure, did you drop a cobalt bomb? Was Carthage that important?

It hurts, senators of Rome and Carthage. Leukemia and idiocy are not easy to live with or die from; and it rasps to know that it all happened so far back, so very long ago.

Why, most of us don't even know, I mean most people who are *normal* don't even know what on earth you were fighting about all that time.

Was it oil?

This material has been compiled from the text of *Overkill and Megalove*, by Norman Corwin, to be published next month by World Publishing Company.



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(Continued from page 69)

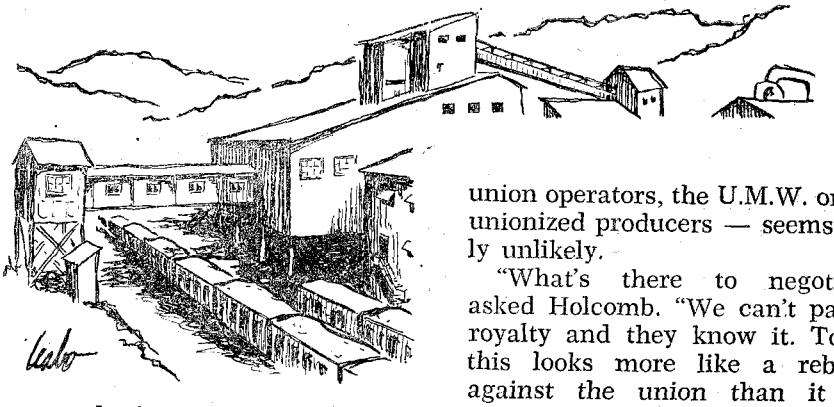
had become self-employed. In 1961, pensions of retired miners were reduced from $100 to $75 a month and, last August, benefits were withdrawn from men working for companies that failed to make full royalty payments. Two months later, the fund announced that it planned to dispose of four of the ten hospitals that it had constructed in Kentucky, West Virginia and Virginia.

Spokesmen for the fund said its objective of providing first-rate medical care had been met and "the time has arrived for it to divest itself of its interest in the hospitals and make them available to the communities." The hospitals are located in the eastern Kentucky cities of Hazard, McDowell, Harlan and Whitesburg. It is in eastern Kentucky that the growth of non-union mines has been most pronounced.

There is no argument that the fund needed economies to protect its programs. Income, which reached a peak of $157 million in the year ending June 30, 1957, was $124 million in the year ending June 30, 1962. During the five-year period, reserves dropped by $40 million. Even though the need for economies was obvious, reduction in benefits deepened the frustration and hopelessness gripping many residents of the depressed coal-mining regions.

To an outsider, their poverty is shocking. President Kennedy, campaigning in West Virginia in 1960, said, "It is shameful that Americans have to live this way." The median income in the thirty-two counties of eastern Kentucky is $25 a week. Of the 36,000 residents of Perry County (Hazard), 14,000 receive surplus food from the federal government. Surplus food — known hereabouts as "the commodities" — constitutes an important part of the diet of 200,000 West Virginians, most of them residents of the southern coal counties. Stories of children carrying food from school-lunch programs to their younger brothers and sisters at home are not uncommon. Men work ten hours a day in some small mines and at the end of the week find they have earned a total of $15 or $20.

These men are not only frustrated, but angry. Their feelings boiled over when the welfare fund announced its two most recent economies—ending benefits to men working in mines not making full royalty payments and attempting to dispose of the four hospitals.



Caravans of union pickets—first a dozen, then fifty, then a hundred or more cars — hit the road, closing some offending mines by force and threatening to close others. In the Perry County courthouse at Hazard, Beman Gibson, a hulking man with a booming voice, thundered: "Takes money to run hospitals; got to have it. And the money comes from the royalties. They gotta' pay it. We got to see that they pay it. We got to keep 'em shut down 'till they do pay it."

But the men who operate the mines say they can't pay royalties and stay in business. "Forty cents a ton?" said Bob Holcomb of Pikeville, Kentucky. "Anybody who thinks a little mine can pay that kind of money and stay open is crazy." Holcomb is president of the National Independent Coal Operators' Association. Most independent operators think as he does. They've begun hiring armed guards to protect their property.

Curiously, the U.M.W. has condemned action by many of the strikers. One reason is that pickets closed mines that were conforming to their contracts as well as ones that weren't. "I call them renegades," one union official in eastern Kentucky said. "We didn't authorize any kind of strike." This reaction from the union has added to the desperation of pickets.

Cold weather came at a time the danger of mass violence was highest. It gave Kentucky Governor Bert Combs and others a chance to arrange a meeting at which the issues will be discussed. But the possibility of a settlement agreeable to anyone involved — pickets, non-union operators, the U.M.W. or even unionized producers — seems highly unlikely.

"What's there to negotiate?" asked Holcomb. "We can't pay the royalty and they know it. To me, this looks more like a rebellion against the union than it does against us."

"I don't think any kind of settlement is possible," said an executive of a company that operates unionized mines in both Kentucky and West Virginia. "The only agreement that would be satisfactory to one of the sides would destroy one of the others and you just don't negotiate about your survival." He added that the big companies were watching the situation with the closest attention but doubted if any of them would attempt to break off relations with the union unless conditions become worse. "Most of the larger companies are concerned over production of non-union coal because it demoralizes the market," he said. "I don't think any will disaffiliate. Without the U.M.W., the industry would become a jungle."

In a larger sense, all parties involved probably could not resolve their differences no matter how sincerely they tried. The dilemma that has divided them is what to do with men who discover in middle age that their skills are no longer needed — that, like the food they eat, they are surplus commodities. The problem is further complicated by the fact that the people of the Appalachian South are poorer, less educated and more isolated than those in any other section of the country.

So far, no one has even suggested a solution that looks hopeful. Even though President Kennedy was genuinely touched by the conditions he saw, his efforts — depressed-area relief, public-works program, food-stamp plan and the like — are designed to allieviate hardships rather then to remove their causes.

Until the causes are removed, the area and its people will continue to lag — not only behind the rest of the country but behind the twentieth century as well.



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# The Trouble With Swift

*JONATHAN SWIFT AND IRELAND.* By Oliver W. Ferguson. University of Illinois Press. 217 pp. $5.

*SWIFT THE MAN, HIS WORKS, AND THE AGE. Volume I: Mr. Swift and his Contemporaries.* By Irvin Ehrenpreis. Harvard University Press. 294 pp. $6.

*CADENUS.* A reassessment in the light of new evidence of the relationships between Swift, Stella and Vanessa. By Sybil Le Brocquy. The Dolmen Press; Dublin: 1962. 18/6. Distributed outside Ireland by the Oxford University Press.

Denis Johnston

The late Oliver Gogarty in one of his petulant moments described a recent decade of which he was complaining as "an age of contraception, tergiversation and arguments about Swift." The three works recently added to this continuing battle of the books are each sponsored by a university press, and are not out of line with Dr. Gogarty's summation, though perhaps not in the order given above. The first is a scholarly examination of the Dean of St. Patrick's as an Irish pamphleteer and patriot. The modest proposal of the second is to be volume one of a combined biography and critical analysis of the entire canon, as well as a commentary on the first part of the eighteenth century. The third, with brisk objectivity, re-examines the Van Homrigh record and endeavors to draw some conclusions on the Dean's obscure relationship with the unfortunate young woman to whom he gave the name Vanessa.

These activities should be welcomed at a time when first-rank studies in the eighteenth century are relatively anemic, and the impression is gaining ground that too many of the contemporary specialists, finding some difficulty in handling its magnificent sins, confine themselves to the duller task of making it respectable. I except from the generalization those readable authors, Bonamy Dobree and the brilliant Sorbonnard, Emil Pons.

It is true that few authors have been as splendidly edited as Swift. One has only to mention Sir Harold Williams' fine edition of *The Poems* and of *The Journal to Stella.* Herbert Davis' *The Drapier's Letters* and Guthkelch and Nichol Smith's edition of *A Tale of a Tub* are other works that make one doubt whether much more can be added of any importance. On the other hand few figures of Swift's caliber have been so lamentably served by biographers — a state of affairs that is largely his own doing, since he deliberately left the countryside strewn with sign posts pointing in false directions. But it may also be attributed to the fact that few literary critics have the unusual ability shown by Mr. Richard Ellmann (*Yeats: The Man and The Masks,* etc.) of being able to function as a textual commentator and as a historian at the same time. The mental processes required in each capacity are very different.

To illustrate what I mean by this difference, which is strikingly relevant to the works at present under consideration, we need go no further than the elegant one-volume Nonesuch *Swift* edited by that distinguished English scholar and publisher, Mr. John Hayward. On page 825 of this handsome book we find what is described as "The Epitaph on Swift's Tomb in Saint Patrick's Cathedral Dublin written by himself." There is no such tomb in St. Patrick's, apart from the Dean's place of interment under the pavement of the nave. Nor is the epitaph over anything except a nearby door. But these are matters that only concern tourists. What is more to the point is that one would imagine that the actual text of so public an exhibit would be a matter of ascertainable fact. Were a historian to make, not one, but fifteen errors in the course of reporting its thirteen lines, one might reasonably conclude that he was not very reliable. Not so the Man of Letters. Mr. Hayward is, of course, fully aware that in at least one particular his transcription is at variance with the facts, because he adds a footnote that reads: "The Monument in St. Patrick's Cathedral reads S.T.D. (Sacrae Theologiae Doctor) for the more usual S.T.P(rofessor) of the printed texts of Swift's Will, in which the epitaph was first published." In other words, he prefers to reproduce what he finds incorrectly stated in a majority of the books because it is so "first published" and "more usual."

This is not a mistake; it is quite deliberate. What is to be found on the printed page is of more significance than the actual truth — surely an example of Laputian learning in which Swift, himself, would have delighted. The literal text of this inscription is of small account, but unfortunately this preference for authoritative inaccuracy infuses most of what has been recorded about Swift's life.

Professor Ferguson, in his examination of the Irish Tracts, is on safe ground in this respect, as his principal purpose is one of exegesis, and his reasoned conclusions are not on matters of history but of opinion. The burden of his argument may, perhaps, be best summed up in his own phrase:

> *Those critics who hold that Swift became the defender of Ireland's rights merely in order to discomfort the hated Whig ministry are wrong.*

In this negative assessment of Swift's motives there is plenty to sustain Professor Ferguson. However, the blurb on the book's jacket goes much further than this when it says that

> *. . . the key to understanding the man, the priest and the writer lies in the recognition that Swift regarded his life as dedicated to the cause of liberty. . . . Once he committed himself, he remained for the rest of his life "the Irish Patriot." . . .*

One of the best tributes that can be paid to the integrity of this book lies in the fact that it belies any such simplification. It is true that the Dean achieved immense popularity in Dublin before the end of his life, as many other outspoken critics of the Establishment have had no difficulty in doing. But to attempt to portray

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*Denis Johnston, Irish playwright, biographer, war correspondent and teacher, is at present a member of the Department of Theatre and Speech, Smith College. His collected plays (Little, Brown) include among others* The Old Lady Says "No!", The Moon in the Yellow River *and* The Dreaming Dust, *based on the life of Swift. Mr. Johnston is also the author of* In Search of Swift (*Barnes and Noble*) *and* Nine Rivers from Jordan, *a war chronicle (Little, Brown).*



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## Current Titles of Interest to 'Nation' Readers

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A history of the military and political storms that have shaped Latin America from Mexico of 1910 to Cuba today. Mr. Beals, whose first-hand knowledge of Latin American issues and personalities is probably unrivaled by anyone now writing in English, also speculates on the future of the southern nations.

*THE UNITED NATIONS IN THE CONGO: A Quest for Peace.* King Gordon. Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. $1.95.

King Gordon, managing editor of *The Nation* from 1944 to 1947, served as chief information officer for the UN operation in the Congo. In this volume he gives approximately the official UN version of that most difficult intervention up to August, 1962, when he resigned to become professor of international affairs at the University of Alberta.

*POWER AND STABILITY IN NIGERIA.* Henry L. Bretton. Praeger. $6.

A study, in one of the key African nations, of the political, economic and social problems that well up in a new state when the restraints of strong colonial authority are lifted. Mr. Bretton, a professor of political science at the University of Michigan, has written for *The Nation* on African affairs.

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*THE BARGAIN HUCKSTERS.* Ralph Lee Smith. Crowell. $3.95.

A former editor of the National Better Business Bureau, author of *The Health Hucksters,* and a *Nation* contributor, has written a carefully researched journalistic survey of the ways the public is gulled by fradulent salesmanship. Automobiles, funerals, encyclopedias, household appliances, charity, are the principal areas of investigation.

*MARCH TO CALUMNY.* Albert D. Biderman. Macmillan. $5.95.

The author of this book is a senior research associate of the Bureau of Social Science Research. He was project scientist for the Air Force prisoner-of-war study after the Korean War. His purpose in this book is to refute, by use of the most carefully evaluated data, the belief propagated by Eugene Kinkaid (*In Every War But One*) and others that the behavior of American Army POWs in the Korean War was disappointing both in itself and by comparison with the deportment of other prisoners in this and other wars. Dr. Biderman concludes that less concern should be directed to the morale of the prisoners than to that of their critics. The book is important as a document in the annals of a terrible war; it may be still more important as evidence to counter the assertion that the U.S. must temper its democracy with authoritarianism so that our citizens will reflect honor on their fatherland in future confrontations with whatever future enemies.

*AMERICA IN HIDING.* Arthur I. Waskow and Stanley L. Newman. Ballantine Books. 60¢.

A sound and shrewd account of the Great Shelter Mania — how it began, how it was nourished by vested interests and given a whirl by the uncritical mass media, and how it was decisively, if temporarily, halted.

*AN ALTERNATIVE TO WAR OR SURRENDER.* Charles E. Osgood. University of Illinois Press. $1.45.

Mr. Osgood here develops the argument for his well-known plan, GRIT (Graduated Reciprocation in Tension-reduction). The strategy would reverse the arms race through a series of initiatives aimed at reducing tensions and designed to be carried further if reciprocal responses were elicited. The argument is ably and persuasively presented. Mr. Osgood has written for *The Nation.*

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*MILITARISM AND INDUSTRY: Arms Profiteering in the Missile Age.* Victor Perlo. Preface by J. D. Bernal. International Publishers. $1.65.

A Marxist study of such currently relevant aspects of our permanent arms economy as the relative profitability of arms production, the industrial pattern of military procurement, the regional pattern, the tax situation, and the manner in which arms production affects the economy.

him as an Irish Patriot in the contemporary sense is liable to produce the same effect as that achieved by Hollywood when it filmed *Ivanhoe* in terms of an anti-Norman resistance movement. There was nothing National about the Parliament that sat in Dublin during the eighteenth century. It was not even a valid expression of Irish Protestantism. It was the organ of a small clique of landowners adhering, not to Rome, but to Canterbury, Irish only by geography, and separatist only when the privileges of the class that it represented were at stake.

Was it in the cause of liberty that Swift insisted on the Sacramental Test, thereby excluding roughly 90 per cent of the population, both Catholic and Protestant, from public office and university education? One can understand his attitude as the sentiments of a Church of England man. But was it the attitude of an Irish patriot?

Turning finally to *The Drapier's Letters,* surely the best indication of Swift's genius as a prose writer lies in the fact that he could carry conviction in a cause where the merits were almost nonexistent. The fact is that he belabored the government of the day in a number of superb pamphlets, filled with lies and special pleading, that are entertaining to read to this



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day. But hardly to be taken seriously as a vindication of political economy. As with Shaw's views on such things as vaccination, the ability to express oneself lucidly in readable prose is no guarantee that the substance makes sense.

Professor Ehrenpreis' three-pronged project immediately impresses one with the difficulty already referred to of reacting as a literary man and as a historian at the same time. It is not easy to make Swift dull, and while Professor Ehrenpreis comes very close to performing this feat, thanks to some peculiarities in his prose, the substance of his comments on most of the Works that he has dealt with to date are both informative and helpful. This applies particularly to *The Battle of the Books*, which he evidently enjoys. It is when he approaches the biographical snake pit that one wishes he had posted some warning notices before inviting his students to accompany him down the primrose path leading to "Mr. Swift." The need for these danger signs must be within his own knowledge, as he has taken the trouble to go to Dublin. "I have been less concerned," he writes, "to add than to eliminate fables." Whatever this difficult sentence may mean, it is clear that the elimination of fables — and, indeed, the determination of what are fables and what are not — is going to be approached from the English Department angle. A fable, to the historian, is a rude word applied to a tale that either has no evidence to support it, or that can be disproved by better information to the contrary. In the field of letters, as in theology, it is something to be disposed of by *ex cathedra* contradictions from good books.

For example, a sound historian might say that the best way to determine whether the residence in Dublin of Sir John Temple, Irish Master of the Rolls, during the closing years of his life, is a fable or not would be to examine the records of King's Inns, of which Sir John was a Bencher, or to make inquiries of the Dublin Corporation. Professor Ehrenpreis prefers to settle the matter by citing Professor Woodbridge of Middletown, Connecticut, who says what he thinks is "likely" on the subject, having been unaware that Sir John's signature appears continuously in the Minutes of the Inns throughout the revelant period. The reason for this preference is sophistical and is not a mere mistake. So also there are valid reasons outside a detached objectivity for Professor Ehrenpreis' views on the coming of the Swift family to Ireland, on the location of Uncle Godwin's residence, on the probable ownership of the house in Hoey's Court in which Swift says that he was born, and most significant of all, on the problem of the date of the death of Jonathan Swift, the elder. He finds evidence on all these points in books that he admires, and it is in line with what he wants to say about Swift. What he omits to mention is that there is source material which — whether he accepts it or not — tends to contradict him on all these points.

No harm is intended in this myopia. It is simply an expression of a point of view with regard to the Dean, to which factual considerations must conform. The prevailing view, since the silencing of Jeffrey and Macaulay, has been that at heart Swift was a good and moral man, angry about liberty, and suffering more than most from the unsolicited advances of women. To suggest any further cause for his distemper raises shouts of dissent from those who have already satisfied themselves on paper on the subject.

The situation bears no resemblance whatever to the Baconian controversy, as is sometimes argued on the principle of guilt by association. No theory need be involved, and no solution is necessary. All that needs be said is that, as a matter of simple arithmetic, an examination of the contents of the Black Book of King's Inns — which one may hope Professor Ehrenpreis has peeped into — will convey the probability, one might say the almost unescapable conclusion, that if Jonathan Swift was the son of his supposed father, he was not merely a literary genius. He was a biological miracle.

Who his actual father might have been does not matter in the slightest as regards a semantic appreciation of his tremendous talents. All that I suggest is that if it is of sufficient importance to go into his biography at all, one might as well treat the subject seriously and accept whatever turns up, rather than repeat the string of demonstrable falsehoods that were started by the Dean himself — for understandable reasons.

It must, however, be pointed out that Professor Ehrenpreis does provide one interesting and novel addition to the existing jigsaw puzzle. It concerns the identity of Swift's mother, who is generally supposed to have been a butcher's daughter from Wigston Magna. In examining the records of this English county with a thoroughness, for a change, that excites admiration, Professor Ehrenpreis has come up with an alternate in the person of the daughter (name unknown) of a Vicar of Thornton, the Rev. James Erick by name, who seems to have disappeared into Ireland in or about 1634. If the Dean's mother was born as alleged in 1640, it follows that if this clergyman was her father, she must have been born in Ireland. This fact might account for the absence of any baptismal record of an Abigail Erick in Leicestershire, apart from the butcher's child in Wigston Magna. But it also plays havoc with Swift's repeated assertion that his mother was a Leicestershire woman who "returned to the place of her nativity" shortly after his birth. Whether or not one wonders why the Dean never spoke of this respectable clerical connection on his mother's side, it is not an impossible answer; it also shows a welcome readiness on Professor Ehrenpreis'


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part to disbelieve the Dean's information about his parents that might well be applied to other even more suspect parts of the Autobiographical Fragment.

Sybil Le Brocquy, who writes about the Dean's relations with the Van Homrighs, is a graduate of Dublin University who has spent a number of years searching for source material concerning this ill-starred family. In particular, she has studied the Dean's very enigmatic correspondence with Vanessa. That she has the instincts of a historian is shown by her insistence that the name of the family should be written as the members consistently wrote it themselves, rather than as everybody else chooses to render it. She is also a little concerned about the fact that, according to the Dean, he wrote the poem "Cadenus and Vanessa" while at Windsor, about a year before he was appointed to St. Patrick's. Is it therefore as certain as is confidently stated that the word Cadenus is an anagram for Decanus — a Dean?

What is the meaning, she ventures to ask, of a burial entry that is to be found in the register of St. Andrew's, Northborough, in Northamptonshire, dated 3rd. December, 1737, recording the interment of somebody described as "Thos. Swift, Bro. to Dr. Jon. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin"? This entry — already known about — is usually dismissed as a figment of some Parish Clerk's imagination. But is this so? There is also another burial entry made by Jon. Worrell, the Dean's Vicar in St. Patrick's, on the 21st. August, 1731, that is unique in the Cathedral's records in that the name and all other description of the deceased are omitted — "an unidentified corpse" as she says, "interred in some unidentified owner's unidentifed tomb." Why? she asks.

Mrs. Le Brocquy has reached a conclusion that only a woman of considerable resolution would dare to advance in the present state of Swiftian studies. In brief, her thesis is that Vanessa was Swift's mistress, and had a child by him in the month of October, 1714 — the shadowy figure referred to in some of the letters as "the little master"; the boy taken care of by Stella in her last years, and referred to in her will as "Bryan M'Loughlin (a child who now lives with me and whom I keep on charity)."

This is the boy, the author says, who is mentioned in Monck Berkeley's *Literary Relics*, and was described to him by Brennan, Swift's old servant and later an impoverished bellringer, as a child of the Dean and Stella who "survived Mrs. Johnson a year or two at most." Stella died in 1728.

Mrs. Le Brocquy's incursion into the field with such matters on her mind will cause some resentment amongst the earlier occupants, and her ideas will undoubtedly be described as gossip. She has probably made an error of judgment in insisting that the reference in a Van Homrigh family petition to the fact that "Hester the daughter is now come to age and in prospect of marriage" must be interpreted as evidence that she was actually engaged to Swift at this time; and this stretching of what might merely be a conventional reference to her being of marriageable age will be used to discount the rest of her contentions. The curious fact remains that, while the state of affairs suggested in her book does not contribute much to the picture of Swift as rough but respectable, it gives, if true, a dignity and a meaning to the whole tragedy of his life, if not to the curse of Original Sin itself, that far surpasses any prevailing view of him as a man who was too mean to marry one woman, and too cruel to leave another alone. As for Stella, it restores her to the ranks of the angels.

## THEATRE . . . . . Harold Clurman

*London*

In the production of old plays theatre folk are almost always concerned with the question of how to make their texts appear fresh. Are we to gather from this that they have grown stale? Hardly. What the producers want is a way to make the classics live as *plays*, plays to stir new audiences with the sense that the masterpieces are truly relevant to their particular and ever-changing state of mind. The goal is not to resuscitate (the material is not dead) but to create.

This has been effectively done by Tyrone Guthrie with Ben Johnson's *The Alchemist* at the Old Vic and by Peter Brook with the Royal Shakespeare Company production of *King Lear* now playing at the Aldwych Theatre. Each play alternates with others on the respective institution's programs and each is a massive box-office hit.

Ben Johnson's bawdy farce is admired for its construction by students of the Elizabethan drama, and its theme is perennially apt. It is about greed and the gullibility of the money-minded. A pair of petty racketeers, assisted by their moll, set out to fleece a variety of characters by pretending that they possess the knowledge to turn base metal into gold.

What has kept Johnson's play alive all these years, besides the enduring contemporaneity of its motivations and the juicy roles it offers the actors, is its writing—full of meat, blood, guts, waste matter and vinegar, capped by Latin learning and Elizabethan double talk—a Gargantuan dish.

Guthrie produces the play in modern dress and has translated the characters into presently familiar prototypes. Certain purists may quarrel with this procedure, but this leads to futile debate. Guthrie's direction is comically resourceful, full of brio and high jinks —cold and crazy as the play itself. The byplay is incessant and the pace hectic. All this would be capital were it not for the fact that one's eyes are so wholly engaged in following the stage business that the only words one is sure one recognizes are such solecisms as "travelers' checks," "Lyons" (a London restaurant), "Buchmanism," "Einstein," "Haldane" and "airwick"—words that Guthrie has introduced to make the play's allusions conform to the new framework. I caught only as much of Johnson's dialogue—by no means easy in itself—as I do language at the opera.

Nijinsky once asked Serge Diaghilev, his mentor, what that great impresario expected of him. "Astonish me," Diaghilev answered. Stagecraft cannot find a more brilliant summation. If Peter Brook's *Lear* could claim no further distinction, it would still be memorable because it astonishes. It astonishes by a magisterial simplification. It eschews all pageantry and, to a large extent, pathos. As Lear is stripped of all his goods and honor, so the production is stripped of pomp. It is a naked production.

The stage is bare. The lights are white. Apart from a minimum of coarse wooden props, two large brown



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squares of canvas stand isolated on either side of the stage. The backdrop is a chalky gray. In the storm scenes on the heath, squares of black material are lowered from the flies. There is no curtain. The actors enter while the house lights are still on, and these dim only as the action gets under way. At the end of each act, the playing continues for a while after the house lights have come up. Costumes look like leather, rough and brown. They are wholly appropriate in the impression they make of a barbaric plainness. The battle in the fifth act is indicated by the clangor of rattling shields: no contestant is seen fighting.

The actors speak with notable distinction. Every word strikes home so that the literal meaning is unmistakable: we know what Shakespeare wrote. The voices are strong; no one rants. Even "Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow," spoken loudly enough to be heard over the not excessive din, is projected with a certain degree of sobriety.

Paul Scofield plays Lear with a stern, tight, thoughtful impassivity. He looks rather like the wood carving of a hard, peasant forester (slightly Russian!). He might be compared to a somewhat withered but still sturdy tree. When he dies, he simply ceases to be; he subsides rather than expires. His passing is a period. His speech is deliberate, ringingly precise rather than sonorous or histrionically eloquent. There is no tearing of passion. The only one who cries heartbrokenly is Gloucester as he listens to his king berating humanity.

When Lear is reunited with Cordelia in that wonderful passage beginning "Come, let's away to prison. We two alone will sing like birds i' th' cage. When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down, And ask thee forgiveness. So we'll live, And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh as gilded butterflies . . .," Scofield is dignified, poised and explanatory, like a teacher soothing a possibly unnerved child.

All through Shakespeare's text Lear says such things as "I will not be mad" or "O that way madness lies, let me shun that"—and of course he goes mad. Repeatedly Lear also says the equivalent of "Let not woman's weapon, water-drops, stain my man's cheeks," or "You think I'll weep! No, I'll not weep." But we never feel in this production that Lear is ever in danger of either going mad or weeping. He is much too resolute and contained for such frailty or unseemliness.

It would be too easy to say that this refusal of sentiment bespeaks the influence of Brecht, though without Brecht such a presentation might never have come into being. We would rather say that this thoroughly coherent production is in tune with the intellectual and moral climate of our day. It is a reduction of *King Lear* to our size.

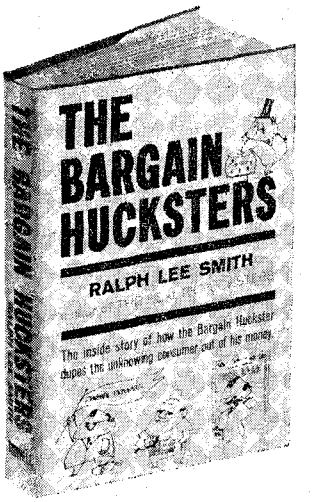
Shakespeare's *Lear* is one of the fiercest of all plays: a wild outcry against the human condition and the folly of all our posturing and self-importance. (The play is *not* about the wickedness of ungrateful children!) "Is man no more than this . . . such a poor, bare, forked animal?" Even the Book of Job hardly expresses more bitterness. "As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' gods: they kill us for their sport." "When we are born, we cry out that we are come to this great stage of fools."

All this we understand, as does Peter Brook. For our time is one in which, with no commanding faith, sensitive souls have begun to spew venom, to mock themselves as the dupes of creation, or to immolate themselves either in inanition or in sadism—for all of which artists have been unable to find any word other than "absurd."

The calm irony of Brecht is not intended as negation but as a purification of the spirit which might lead to the understanding required for sane action. But Shakespeare is not Brecht—nor calm. I do not believe *King Lear* was composed solely as a curse upon all the houses of the Renaissance (or modern) world. *King Lear* is Shakespeare's tortured espousal of the virtue of Love in a civilization given over and abasing itself to the idol of Power. . . . Yes, he seems to be saying, life is cruelly hard and ". . . Men must endure Their going hence even as their coming hither," but *"Ripeness is all."* "Ripeness," maturity, manhood, demand a brave acceptance, yea-saying fortitude—not collapse, not a gnashing of teeth nor black despair. Hope is not merely the looking forward to "better things"; it is the motion of life itself, suffered and enjoyed for its own sake.

But should my view of *King Lear* be mistaken it would not alter my interpretation of the new London production. The point is that Shakespeare's immense force, his overwhelming lyric might, the volcanic life that fires his every scene and speech are not to be conveyed in the reasoned, shriveled and bleached terms of Peter Brook's staging—impressive though they be. This "Beckett-like" *Lear* (the production and the play have been compared to *Endgame*) takes place in a realm too blank and airless even for the gesture of suicide. The world of Shakespeare's *Lear* is so rich in substance that one would be glad to dwell in it; we are rewarded for its agony by the fullness of its matter. Such a world may be full of horror: it is not *absurd*. And then, one does not attempt to describe the monumentality of the Himalayas by likening them to the Catskills!

Paul Scofield is a truly fine actor and his performance is consonant with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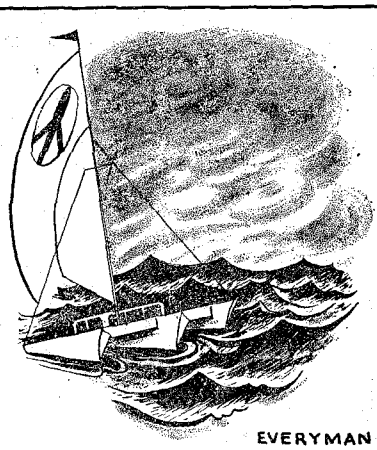

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his endowments as it is altogether loyal to his director's plan. Irene Worth as Goneril and Alan Webb as Gloucester are vivid and individual in a cast almost no part of which is bad. After one has left the theatre one wishes to see the production again—a rare occurrence. Peter Brook is to be congratulated on a *Lear* made to the measure of our day and the circumstances of the modern theatre. For in its own right *King Lear*, as Charles Lamb said, "cannot be acted: the play is beyond all art." Still, in 1935 I saw it in Moscow in a production which Gordon Craig pronounced the best Shakespeare he had ever seen. So Charles Lamb may have been wrong after all.

## ART

### Hilton Kramer

In a half-century of growth and metamorphosis, Constructivist sculpture has firmly established itself as a viable alternative to the more venerable sculptural modes of carving and modeling, and it has done so by developing a wide variety of styles out of a basic and remarkably fecund technology. Originating in the conceptual framework of Cubist painting and deriving directly from the methods of early *collage*, this sculptural technology consists of the *construction*, or putting together, of discrete masses (wood, metal, wax, plastics) by means of nailing, gluing, welding, etc., in such a way that the spatial interstices enclosed or delineated by those masses are themselves articulated as a palpable sculptural material more or less equal in expressiveness to the inert materials out of which the work is made.

Sculpture of this persuasion has tended to fluctuate between a kind of sculptural architecture — sculpture that captures space in rigidly fixed enclosures — and sculptural drawing; between box- or cage-like structures and free-standing calligraphy that inflects surrounding space without clearly separating it from the common space occupied by our own bodies. It was the latter tendency, so-called "drawing-in-space," that, in the hands of Russian, Spanish and American sculptors particularly, produced the brilliant array of new works, mainly in metal and plastics, which for many connoisseurs are virtually synonymous with the very idea of modern sculpture. But lately there has been a renewed interest in sculptural enclosure and a return to the use of wood as the most appropriate material for the construction of quasi-architectural structures. This tendency has found its most audacious advocate in Louise Nevelson, whose New York exhibitions in the late fifties often transformed entire galleries into labyrinthine sculptural cabinets and seemed to place the spectator in the closest possible proximity to the interior spaces the sculpture itself evoked without always clearly disclosing.

Mrs. Nevelson began by using a flat pedestal as a base upon which abstract wooden forms were arranged to resemble still-life and landscape motifs. These forms were painted a uniform mat black, and thus acquired a vivid graphic precision that enhanced their sculptural presence; it was one of the rare instances in modern sculpture when the application of paint to a sculpture's surface contributed to the realization of a purely sculptural concept. Gradually these pedestal sculptures were absorbed into boxlike constructions, and the boxes were assembled into entire walls. These enormous black wall constructions — one has been on permanent view at the Museum of Modern Art for several years — were

## The Woods at Night

**The binocular owl,**
**fastened to a limb**
**like a lantern**
**all night long,**

**sees where all**
**the other birds sleep:**
**towhee under leaves,**
**titmouse deep**

**in a twighouse,**
**sapsucker gripped**
**to a knothole lip,**
**redwing in the reeds,**

**swallow in the willow,**
**flicker in the oak —**
**but cannot see**
**whip-poor-will**

**under the hill**
**in deadbrush nest,**
**who's awake, too,**
**with stricken eye**

**flayed by the moon.**
**Her brindled breast**
**repeats, repeats, repeats its plea**
**for cruelty.**

***May Swenson***



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crowded with finical sculptural incident and marked by an almost incredible variety of formal invention and technical finesse, while at the same time achieving an immediate hold on the spectator's attention by their overwhelming sculptural weight and scale. Mrs. Nevelson has fulfilled — at times, indeed, had seemed to overfulfill — the two requirements that so bold a conception needed to satisfy: the work could be "read" as a whole, and yet its interest seemed constantly to expand under a close examination of its parts.

These black wall constructions now occupy an honored place in the canon of contemporary art. They were exhibited with some acclaim at last summer's Venice Biennale, and have already spawned a number of imitations on both sides of the Atlantic. There is a very fine new example, called *Night Garden*, in Mrs. Nevelson's current exhibition at the Sidney Janis Gallery. Compared to her past exhibitions, however, the Janis show is rather sparse and sedate. No effort has been made to turn the gallery itself into a macrocosmic statement of the sculptor's overall conception; each work stands separate and aloof as a discrete entity. The spectator *looks*; he is not, as formerly, engulfed. This new sparseness lowers the emotional temperature of the exhibition, but it in no way diminishes one's interest in the new work. At her best, Mrs. Nevelson remains an artist of great power and inventiveness.

What does represent a difficulty of some magnitude is a development which admirers of Mrs. Nevelson's work have found hard, perhaps impossible, to reconcile to the high standard of her own best work: the substitution of white and gold paint for the exclusive and integral use of black to which she had formerly confined herself. The point about Mrs. Nevelson's use of black paint is, as I have indicated, that it reinforced an element of graphic definition without which her essential sculptural idea, so heavily dependent upon the articulation of light and shadow, could not be realized. At first glance, the white sculptures looked as if they had transformed this graphic element into something subtler, but this subtlety has proved illusory. The play of light on a multitude of white surfaces has the effect of dematerializing the immense variety of formal invention which provides so much of the work's expressive power. The use of gold fails for similar reasons; it deprives the sculpture of the graphic force needed to define its complicated interplay of masses and voids. And this gold paint has the additional defect of degrading the whole work with an air of artificiality and specious glamour. The use of white and gold has proved to be sculpturally ineffective, and nothing new in the realm of form and scale has been created to compensate for the loss in expressiveness. Mrs. Nevelson has not yet conceived a work in which white or gold paint performs an integral sculptural task.

Her achievement as a whole is none the less a large one. The new black wall in the Janis show is, like its predecessors, a kind of anthological summary of the whole Constructivist tradition. Memories of Arp and Schwitters live on easy terms with Cubist severities and anti-art high jinks; a tight, Mondrianesque precision cavorts freely with Expressionist enthusiasms; the overall sculptural momentum remains dazzling and unique. Mrs. Nevelson has mastered a complex tradition, and left it transformed.

A Constructivist of a quite different sort but one who also works in wood — Gabriel Kohn — is currently showing ten new sculptures at the Otto Gerson Gallery. The segmented planes, irregular arcs and rectangular masses that comprise Kohn's repertory of forms are markedly reminiscent of orthodox Cubism, and even their composition into bulky free-standing constructions evokes a number of well-known precedents.

Nevertheless, the work itself has an original, somewhat quirky and unusual character. Kohn brings to Constructivism the craftsmanlike finesse of a master woodworker. The difficult asymmetrical balance his work achieves is traceable, in part, to the special way he handles his wooden masses, which consist of planks and pegs and segments joined and polished, with every joint and line of grain clearly visible, to provide a visual continuum between open and solid forms. He thus imposes on the surfaces of his open-form constructions some of the plastic complexities which have heretofore been confined to the surface of closed-form monolithic sculpture. A number of other Constructivists have lately tried to effect this sort of dynamism by breaking up the sculptural plane with painted designs, but so far none of them has achieved results that can compare with Kohn's remarkable use of some very old-fashioned wood-working techniques for a similar end. In applying an ancient craft to a contemporary problem, he too has carried the Constructivist tradition into a new phase.


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*(Continued from inside front cover)*

of observing the successful formula which created this community and trying to perpetuate it, is removing all its components and trying to create a new entity, in this case a high-rise project. The mistake lies in the concept of a city. Cities are not created at one blow; they grow into being, as Brooklyn Heights has grown over two centuries.

As for Cadman Plaza Park itself, the part facing the Heights is virtually unusable and undesirable since the heavy bus, truck and car traffic to and from the bridges, Fulton St. and the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway discourage potential visitors.

Mr. Katz recognizes, like other Brooklyn Heights residents and like city officials, the value and potential of an area like the Civic Center. But when examined in detail, present and future plans for the center and the surrounding area show no creative thinking, no foresight, no aesthetic values, and, with particular reference to the perimeter where Cadman Plaza will be, absolutely no attention to human scale, community planning or the needs of present Brooklyn Heights residents.

*Lorna Salzman (Mrs. Eric)*

*Brooklyn, N.Y.*

*Dear Sirs:* Mrs. Salzman writes from a different perspective. I agree with her objections. *Leslie Katz*

## In Tune

*Philadelphia, Pa.*

*Dear Sirs:* I have been following your magazine for some years and have enjoyed its courageous coverage of political happenings and the arts. On returning to this country after a year's absence, I noted with a pleasant sense of discovery Benjamin Boretz's singularly knowledgeable and courageous coverage of music, my own field. I feel the magazine now has the unique feature of a music coverage which corresponds to its advanced position in politics and social thought. I can foresee that Boretz's point of view will not be without attack from the vested interests of music, including some musicians whose political positions are perhaps more advanced than their musical ones. *The Nation* has not hesitated to take positions of conscience which have been unpopular in its distinguished history; I hope it will rejoice in its really uniquely competent, though outspoken, music critic. *Henry Weinberg*

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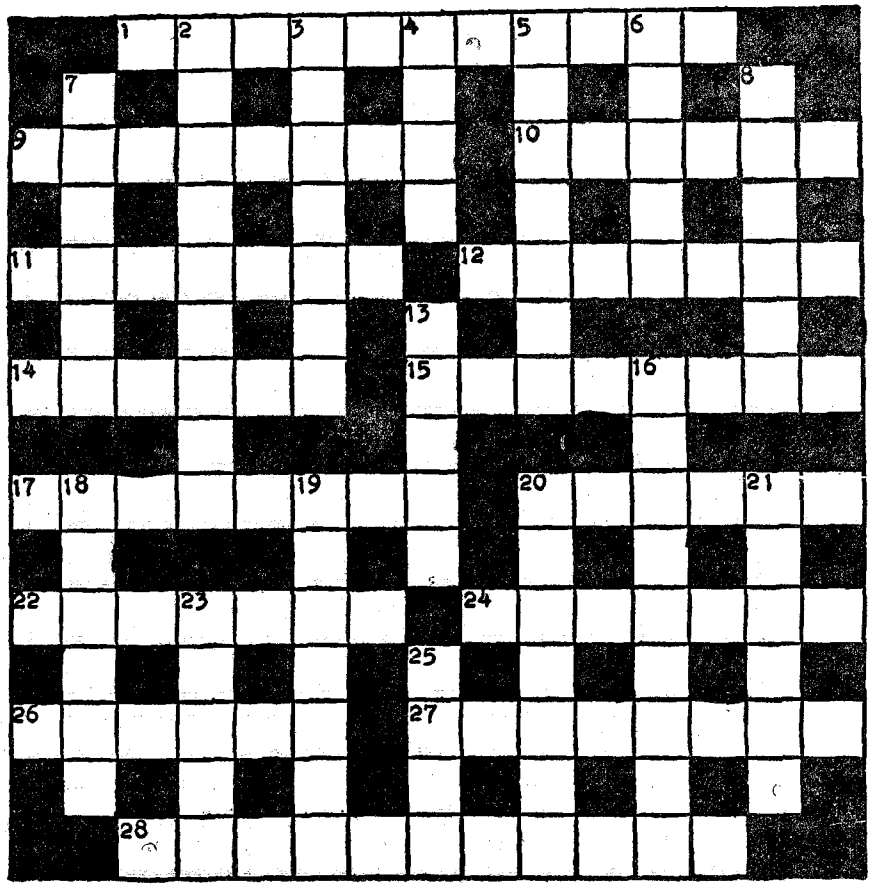
**By FRANK W. LEWIS**



### ACROSS:

1 These waters, though not unruffled, might be fondly remembered. (11)
9 Not exactly the girl Alec found particularly sensitive. (8)
10 Mountain-free zone? (6)
11 Is such a belt plain on Richard, if not severe? (7)
12 Drops, in the simplest form. (7)
14 Is she fit to be such an object of blind reverence? (6)
15 Town sometimes associated with 22? (8)
17 Is such work operational? (8)
20 You might take one if departing, or if sick. (6)
22 Does it involve giving a hand to those around you? (7)
24 Gives assistance to those who could use a little help, by the sound of it. (7)
26 Pelt of the season, possibly. (6)
27 The subjects of these are usually not quick. (8)
28 Those who throw a penny in? (At least their intentions are good.) (4-7)

### DOWN:

2 15 getting around a number, or just trying to get around? (9)
3 People sometimes put on a ball! (7)
4 Pawn joint? (4)
5 Is the act a version which might be official? (7)
6 The wrong track to take in a city! (5)
7 Split stick? (6)
8 A small part of a rhythmic rondo. (6)
13 Refuse, generally speaking. (5)
16 Grass with a rich sort of foundation to sit on. (4, 5)
18 Rough, in an odd way. (6)
19 Old-time operator? (7)
20 Only half a rudder amidship, in a way. (7)
21 Not exactly dirty—just unrefined. (6)
23 A Homeric nod? (5)
25 Graceful creature whose style would make the columns. (4)

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ACROSS: 1 Callboards; 6 Ossa; 10 Sawbuck; 11 Exigent; 12 Lied; 13 Bandleader; 15 Suspend; 16 Dwindle; 17 Nickers; 20 Weeding; 22 Head bearer; 23 Ryan; 25 Algeria; 26 Tickler; 27 Rush; 28 Blue-pencil.

DOWN: 1 Castles in the air; 2 Lawyers; 3 Brut; 4 Awkward; 5 Dreaded; 7 Speeded; 8 Attorney-general; 9 Firesides; 14 Remembers; 18 Charges; 19 Sea wall; 20 Wrestle; 21 Idyllic; 24 Ache.


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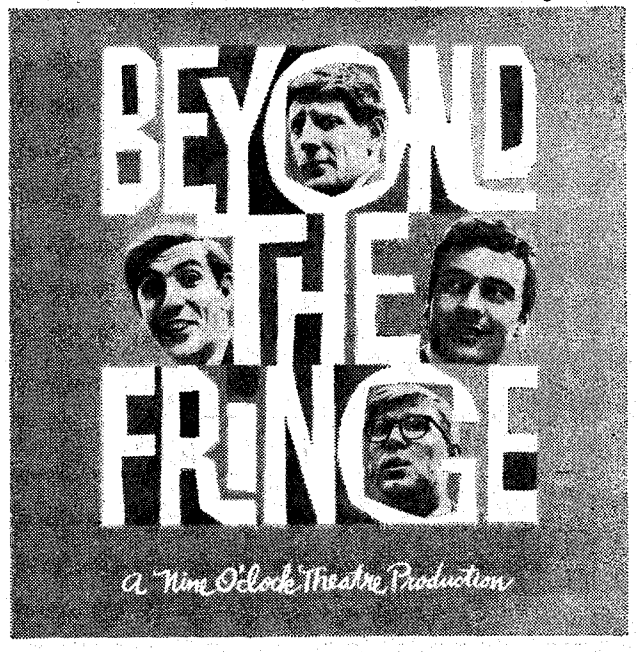


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